Grover's evidence. "I have casts of 20 identifiably different individuals, sampling a relatively

small area. Plus, we have some fossils from China that may be a Sasquatch [a jaw, some teeth]."

MAGAZINEL FAROUT
DATE: FALL 1993
ARTICLE: BIGFOOT-GATE, PART III:
OUR ON-GOING PULITZER PRIZE-NOMINATED INVESTIGATION

"This is not a link between man and the animal world; this is an animal."

**Equal rights.* "I don't see it. Human, semihuman—it doesn't have human rights, it has animal rights. I'm more concerned with the species—are they in good shape?"

**The China card.* "There are reports of big, hairy bipeds in China. The problem in North America—aside from faking—there's only one animal you could confuse this with: a bear standing on its hind legs. In China, there's many animals you could confuse Sasquatch with: a very large monkey; several different kinds of bears; mainland orangutans.

**Born to be wild.* Is this a rogue male, a ramblin' man the Nez Perce saw? "It's a single male group; young adult males are the ones wandering around. They're nocturnal and move individually."

"There's a lot of smoke but very little fire."

-Jim Garrison

BIGFOOT IN THE CROSSFIRE?

A December '92 *Los Angeles Times* exposé entitled "Nature at Risk in a Quiet War" disclosed that private landowners and developers across the U.S. are waging an underground war against endangered species, killing rare creatures or destroying their native surroundings to avoid costly government restrictions intended for animal protection.

One Florida developer ordered a hunt for a bird in imminent danger of extinction after calculating the considerable cost of complying with the Endangered Species Act. An employee related an incident where the landowner held a gunned-down bird and proclaimed, "Gentlemen, *this* is the enemy."

In Montana and Wyoming, protected grizzlies vanish; nothing but their electronic collars (attached by government scientists to trace their movements) is found. Fearing bureaucratic rules, landowners in Florida, Montana and Wyoming knock down bald eagle nests, felling or bulldozing trees that harbor our national symbol under cover of night.

For untold numbers of landholders, the solution is a "scorched earth" policy—the stealthy purging of their property of endangered plants and animals, or destruction of their habitats. Ranchers "shoot, shovel and shut up," laments one of only 175 field wildlife agents deployed

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THE MAJESTIC KING OF THE PLANETS, JUPITER, ARCHES ACROSS THE DARK SKY OF ITS MOON IO. IO IS THE MOST VOLCANICALLY ACTIVE WORLD KNOWN IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. ITS GEYSERS RESURFACE THE ENTIRE SPHERE IN LESS THAN A THOUSAND YEARS. IN THE SKY CAN BE SEEN SEVERAL OF JUPITER'S OTHER 17 MOONS.

•

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CARROLL

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ONE STEP BEYOND
UP NEXT

FAR OUT

for the entire country!

"It's a harder crime to investigate than the killing of a human," says U.S. Fish and Wildlife special agent Ralph MacDonald, who investigates spotted-owl-related crimes. "Unlike with a human [case], you can't go to the owl's wife and find out who he was drinking with and who was mad at the owl."

Could this be Bigfoot's fate? Are major lumber corporations—the inland Northwest's major power brokers—conspiring to vanquish the species, suppressing knowledge of Bigfoot's existence to stave off protected-species statutes which might halt disastrous clear-cutting? Grover Krantz chimes in: "I think the lumber industry is especially interested in *not* getting one of these found."

Bigfoot Museum curator Cliff Crook advocates the implementation of Sasquatch protection statutes while broaching the ethics of shooting a specimen. Says Crook, "I don't think anybody should kill something to prove it's alive. There's lots of people out there with a six-pack in one hand, six-shooter in the other, thinking they're gonna get instant fame and fortune."

Krantz discredits this approach. "The best way to prevent Sasquatch from being proven would be to loudly proclaim Sasquatch is real, but make a complete fool of themselves. Make absurd claims so the public thinks, *What a jerk.* Then scientists won't touch it; they'll think it's all crap.

"Then [this person] says, 'Absolutely never shoot one.' That might influence other investigators, lower the odds [of one being] shot and lower public estimation of it. Anyone doing that kind of thing could be on the payroll; there are people doing exactly that!"

Still, how do we protect an animal that may not exist, one that might become extinct while we ignore it? "If the governor of Washington suddenly declared a Sasquatch preserve in the Cascades," Grover Krantz points out, "he wouldn't be voted out in the next election. He'd be taken to the nuthouse immediately. There is no way a politician will stick out his neck to save Sasquatch."

However, if a Bigfoot is taken alive, do we really want to relegate this rarest of lifeforms to reprehensible zoo incarceration, to be gawked at by *The Far Side* children? To see Sasquatch end up with those sun-blasted Euro-freaks, Siegfried and Roy in their Vegas act, or with cane-wielding meanie Bobby Beresini?

*

Grover Krantz, the sole active Sasquatch investigator wielding full academic qualifications, establishes a scientific beachhead via ***Big Footprints*** (Johnson Books; Boulder, Colorado). This 300-page book's subhead says it all: *A Scientific Inquiry Into the Reality of Sasquatch.*

But how does one investigate a creature who's more shadow than substance? By an exhaustive examination of the most tangible evidence currently available—footprints and the Patterson film—not to mention earmarking $100,000 of Krantz's own greenbacks toward this 20-year search.

And don't think for a minute that all this Sasquatch-wrought attention equals an ego stroke for Grover Krantz. Sticking his neck out has cost him professionally: "Because of the attitude of other anthropologists and authorities, his promotions and pay increases have mostly been withheld." ○

T COVER-UP

OF A BIGFOOT

ON THE TRAIL

A SPATE OF SIGHTINGS ON THE IDAHO-WASHINGTON BORDER...THE CHAIN-SMOKING, VENERABLE EXPERT WHO POSTULATES THE EXISTENCE OF 2,000 SASQUATCHES...A PLAUSIBLE CONSPIRACY THEORY...AND A LOT OF STOLICHNAYA ADD UP TO...

Our fact-finding mission began in late January with a lengthy stopover at Stapleton Airport and an amusing run-in with one-time presidential hopeful Gary Hart. Myself and accomplice Doug—hired gun and Bigfoot skeptic—facing two hours to kill before a connecting flight to Spokane, decided to map out our trip over vodka and peanuts at Denver's Blue Moose Tavern.

En route to the ground transportation area and a waiting shuttle bus Colorado's former senator entered the vacated baggage area just as we emerged outside. Moving with elan and haste Hart stepped into United's baggage claim office where three bored, young and fresh-scrubbed faces immediately snapped to strident attention as if Royalty was paying them an unexpected visit.

Seconds later a young woman handed over a little black book. No lie. Then, the Dem who singlehandedly sunk his own political career via high seas adultery spun quickly on dress heels and made tracks for a black Jeep Cherokee.

Pondering the queer irony of this chance encounter— the pol who etched the moniker of his own love boat, *Monkey Business* onto the national psyche crossing our path as our business concerned North America's great bipedal primate—set the tone for one weird high country expedition.

NEZ PERCE INDIAN RESERVATION
LAPWAI, IDAHO

In Washington State's side pocket, just south of the Idaho panhandle where the Rocky Mountains appear to merge with the very sky a small Indian reservation abuts a humble National Park

designated in honor of the Native people.

A series of hit-'n-run skirmishes with the Cavalry and a highly successful tactical campaign during the 1870s meant laurels and intense adoration for Nez Perce's well-educated Chief Joseph. Not to mention nearly half a dozen sites in the area named for him. His own mission. His canyon. His grave site.

Joseph's people were way ahead of their time, almost New Age. Noses were pierced for rings; soft bags of rabbit were the de rigueur accessory. Their diet showed heavy preference to fish and vegetables. A-frames, *the* preferred abode.

My own preconceived notion of Idaho manifested terrible contrasting images: serious wilderness and Angry, Gun-Totin' White People. Crystal-clear lakes, elk and Red-tail hawks. Encampments of skinheaded Rebels Without a Clue. Meandering streams, big pines. Aryan Nations headquarters.

Even my dear Aunt V. advised packing nothing short of a .45 auto when traversing this territory. Her former vocation as a school bus driver in The Bronx bestowed impressive firearms etiquette.

I trusted her instincts.

But the closest I got to phalanxes of jackbooted Richard Butler disciples was at the Lewiston Ramada's semi glitzy honky tonk disco.

BY MICHAEL DIGREGORIO

(FIRST OF TWO PARTS)

a place reminiscent of too many rock 'n roll beer commercial night spots. Where whole divisions of barn-door sized Travis Tritt-wanna bes mobilized in close formation to jointly execute a large-scale breakout of the Achy Breaky and Texas 2-Step.

This was *Hee Haw* on crystal meth, a veritable Hooterville in Hell and I stood out like Vinny Terranova in a corn-field of unshaven mutant hayseeds in tight jeans, cut-off sweatshirts and alligator-skin shitkickers. *Hey boy, you from Los Angeles? And you're an I-talian!* Next to this going toe-to-toe with a 7-foot, 500-pound. Sasquatch out in the wild would be a cake-walk.

Before anyone ascertained that I was a Yankee of Southern European descent, who hailed from that Sodom and Gomorrah on the Left Coast and voted for Jerry Brown, I chugged liters of vodka, retreated to the safety of a second floor room and I cradled my Glock until morning.

*

From Lewiston, Idaho, its a picturesque 15-mile drive along the alternatively wide and narrow Clearwater River valley to the front door of the Nez Perce Res and Park Service visitor's center.

Now just prior to embarking on this trip I touched base with the Park curator—who shall remain nameless— by phone. Last August, during the afternoon, as one shift came on and another went off a number of Park Service employees caught Bigfoot on a ridge line south of the visitor's center above a sloping, plowed field.

However, once I reached Idaho the curator did a reverse on me, deciding that too much was being made of this Sasquatch thing. My first setback on the arduous Bigfoot trail.

Figuring she was either genuinely embarrassed by the attention her sighting garnered; or conjuring a higher up in a Smokey-the-bear hat and khakis taking her to the curb and warning about getting egg on the collective face of the almighty Park Service with Bigfoot tales, I, like the Spinners bowed out gracefully.

Besides, just up the road a spell in Lapwai a good smattering of willing (to-go-on-the-record) witnesses awaited: tribal historians and Native police officers who glimpsed, heard or smelled Omah during the period when the curator made her sighting.

But I decided to let fate and the landscape dictate where this thing would go.

As we rolled into Lapwai I stopped to talk to a man, switch of wood in hand, who was walking his dog. I found out what the stick was for when his 100-pound. companion attempted to carjack our rental car by hurtling through my window!

"Let me put the dog away," and a split second later Ed, hunter/tracker cum BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) cop was in the backseat, brushing dirt off his flannel shirt, pointing out who lived where in this small, very inward looking town and where the Bigfoot sightings had transpired.

Taking us via a graded country road into the shorn foothills above Lapwai—one market, one combination large grain elevator-rail depot, small post office and two corner bars—Ed, who is an avowed non-believer, drew a canvass with arms and fingers where the sightings took place.

LAST AUGUST...A NUMBER OF PARK SERVICE EMPLOYEES CAUGHT BIGFOOT ON A RIDGELINE SOUTH OF THE VISITOR'S CENTER.

From our elevated vantage point we could see clear across Idaho into Montana to the Continental Divide and the backside of the ultra-remote Bitterroot wilderness. Beyond that, dominating the distant horizon like inverted ice bergs mired in stationary, perpetual snow squalls, the majestic Rocky Mountains.

In August of last year, Tess Green, a personable young woman, her mother, an adult cousin and four children drove their pickup to the now-fallow hilly fields above Lapwai for a late-afternoon picnic where Ed, myself and sidekick Dougie now stood.

A week prior to that same afternoon, eight people—nearly all Indians—from Lapwai and nearby Spalding had glimpsed a 6-7 foot upright figure displaying a human-esqe gait.

His deep piercing wails could be heard at Tesses' home when their front door was left open to catch a cross breeze late on a hot summer's night.

But what made their sighting special was the fact this mythical creature of the forest was out in a draw consisting of little ground cover, thornbush and a plowed up wheat field. Vulnerable. In the open. O

***Next: An interview with witness Tess Green and her mother, plus in-depth analysis from anthropologist and Sasquatch point man Grover S. Krantz and a review of his new book,* Big Footprints**

DISBELIEF OVERWHELMED ME, AND I BRUSHED

MY FINGERS BEFORE MY EYES, TRYING TO REGAIN

MY HOLD ON REALITY.

IT WAS STILL THERE. DARK, CLEARLY VISIBLE YET

ILLUSIVE, THE SPECTER SEEMED TO GLIDE RAPIDLY

OF ANOTHER WORLD

across the roadway. Immediately the intense forest shadows enveloped the creature in a blanket of opaque secrecy. Thoughts, memories and images from the past rushed at me. What had begun 23 years ago had reached a visual climax. I had seen the apparition.

My quest for truth first began in the Spring of 1964. While on an outing in the rain forest of Olympic National Park, I found myself assailed by the overwhelming odors of soured meat, garbage and offal. This putrid stench was emanating from a cave entrance a mere half-dozen feet above my head.

Instinctively, I had assumed

that there was a bear above me. I hurried on. Inexperience had prevented me from realizing that no bear, however offensive, smelled quite that bad. I immediately put the experience out of my mind.

Months later, after we had moved away, my attention was directed toward a newspaper clipping reporting that a giant apelike creature had been seen on the outskirts of Hoquim, Washington. This was not far from the rain forest where I had encountered the unusual stench. For the first time, I wondered if the smells, so extremely disagreeable, had really been from a bear. Perhaps not.

My next encounter with a similar mysterious creature took place on a Saturday in July of 1977. I was hiking up the rugged slopes of Steen Mountain, in the Salmon National Forest, Idaho.

The trail led out onto a very steep meadow. Below, apparently from within an island of firs, a powerful roaring sound welled up the slope, assailing my ears. My mind conjured up the image of Gargantua, the famous circus gorilla of the 1940s.

Never before or since have I experienced such a powerful, chesty roar. There is no animal I am aware of that can duplicate what I heard, not even a male Grizzly.

Two days later, I told my boss about the incident. He informed me that two United States Forest Service employees had had a frightening encounter the previous April that might be related to my experience. I was able to interview one worker.

One morning around 2:30 a.m., the two men were driving home from a visit to the town of Salmon, Idaho. Fearing that the driver would fall asleep, they steered their pickup off the side of the road at Wagonhammer Springs to get a cold drink of water.

As Troy (the man I interviewed) stepped out of the truck, his companion, who was already walking toward the spring, suddenly screamed in terror. Troy ran up to the front of the truck and saw nothing. However, he did hear the crashing of underbrush as some huge animal made its way back into the forest.

His young companion was in shock. When Troy managed to calm him down, the youth explained that there had been a gigantic apelike creature sitting on a boulder watching them.

The two men had encountered the animal at the mouth of the same canyon where I had heard roaring sounds—my own experience having occurred some 3,000 feet above the road.

Naturally, everyone except for my two supervisors laughed when I told my story. I went into detail about the odors I had experienced thirteen years before.

At the end of the winter of 1977-78, one of my supervisors and another employee were scattering grass seed upon a snow-covered mountain slope. The spreader was being towed behind the truck, with one worker manning the machinery.

A slight breeze wafted upslope. Earl (my supervisor) and his companion noticed the horrible scent and recalled what I had described. Frightened, they scrambled into the cab of the pickup, rolled up the windows and locked the doors. Hurriedly, they bumped and rumbled down the mountain road away from the terrible stench.

The location was a mere three miles from the place where I had heard the roaring sounds.

During the summer seasons of the early and mid-1980s, I worked in Glacier National Park as a ranger naturalist. By then, my curiosity had been greatly aroused by the crazy stories of a gigantic creature living in the vastness of America's Northwest.

Having read about a Bigfoot sighting at Logan Pass in Glacier Park, I asked the District Ranger about the incident. He became extremely irritated and said that such stories were a lot of nonsense.

Over the years, I became friends with several of the Blackfoot Indians who were employed

by the National Park Service. They believed that the mysterious creature existed, whatever it was.

They told me that one winter, citizens of the tiny community of Babb, Montana (located on the eastern side of Glacier Park) had reported an animal of some sort running back and forth along the nearby ridge top, emitting bone-chilling screams as it moved. The local deputy sheriff was called, but by the time he arrived, the sounds had stopped. The next morning, he found huge but obscure prints in the snow and a large patch of wooly fur snagged on a barbed-wire fence. He gave the fur to the District Ranger.

I was told that the patch of hair had been sent to a university laboratory at Bozeman, Montana. Somehow it had been "lost," even though a report was issued indicating that it had come from a Grizzly bear. The Blackfeet didn't believe the report.

When I heard that story, I realized that the mystery had greatly aroused my curiosity. Try as I would to avoid it, the topic kept coming up in conversations not initiated by me.

One winter my family and I attended a spaghetti dinner at my children's elementary school in Ohio, where we then resided. A gentleman who is now an official of a local community sat next to me. Since we shared a love for the Northern Rockies, we began talking about the area.

The next morning, he found huge but obscure prints in the snow and a large patch of wooly fur snagged on a barbed-wire fence. He gave the fur to the District Ranger.

Without my making mention of the mystery creature, the man began telling me about his experience.

Years before, he had been employed by the U.S. Forest Service. He was a trained civil engineer and had been part of a small crew surveying an area far back in the Jim Bridger Wilderness Area of Wyoming.

One night, as the crew members sat around their campfire, strange, high-pitched cries alerted them that a large, unknown creature was also present on the mountain.

Although it was illegal, one of the men carried a disassembled .22 caliber rifle. He took the weapon from his pack and put it together. The others protested his disregard for the law, but, ignoring them, he announced that in the morning he was going to hunt for the animal that was making the screaming noises.

At dawn he was gone. Not knowing what else to do or which way the man had gone, the remaining crew members spent the day completing their surveying project.

That evening they returned to camp only to find that their companion had still not returned. When he was still missing the next morning, they began a search.

They found the rifle first. It was lying alongside a trail, its barrel bent into a U shape. Next to the trail the land plunged into a deep canyon. At the base of a cliff,

when they heard "something large crashing through the forest." As they listened, the unseen animal threw a pinecone in their direction. They also detected an overwhelmingly powerful odor.

Of the Crater Lake sightings, Roger Wade's was probably the most conclusive. Again, it occurred on the West Entrance Road. Wade reported "seeing a Sasquatch, upright-type animal" a mere fifty yards ahead of his car. Its fur was light brown or cinnamon and, contrary to most Bigfoot reports, he estimated that the animal was only about six feet tall. Another peculiarity of this sighting was that it occurred at 9:00 a.m., and not in the evening or at night.

Later in the day, Roger Wade returned to the site and discovered some large but rather indistinct footprints, with the middle toe appearing to be longer than the others. According to witnesses, this is an often-reported characteristic of Sasquatch.

Inexplicable odors and sounds, huge footprints, a patch of unidentified fur and numerous sightings all enabled me, on that beautifully calm night in August, 1987, to recognize and accept what I observed crossing the road.

Even though I felt certain that I had seen the creature, the bizarre nature of the circumstances would have inspired some doubt in me had there not been some verification.

The exaggerated swing of the elbow seemed peculiar. Quickness of step and unbelievable gracefulness of stride pointed to only one explanation. Whatever it was, the furry monster was a "new" species not yet accepted by the modern world.

What if there had been nothing?

The next day I reported for duty up at the rim overlooking Crater Lake. When I got out of my government vehicle a young lady ranger saw me. She smiled and hurried over.

"I have something to tell you," she exclaimed.

Responding, I laughed. "You go first. Something happened to me too!"

"Last night after my campfire talk," she began, "the night was so beautiful that I couldn't stay inside our cabin. Placing a chair outside, I sat there with my big dog looking out over the moonlit valley. Shortly after I sat down, a huge animal began smashing branches and logs down along the creek bed. The sounds were the result of some tremendously powerful movements from some sort of animal.

"I'm not afraid of wild animals, but I was last night. And you know," she added, "my dog didn't pay the least bit of attention to those crashing sounds. Normally he would have been barking and trying to get loose."

My scalp tingled with excitement. The sounds of destruction had come from off the road at exactly the location where my phantom had appeared. The time of her encounter was a mere half-hour after my sighting. The lady ranger's story dramatically supported my own experience.

Reason dictates that something other than the "known" co-exists with us. It is truly Sasquatch? Bigfoot? Are there really other dimensions in our natural world? Is this creature some kind of spiritual being, or a psychic illusion of the mind?

Whatever he is, I, like a growing number of other people, know with certainty that he does exist. I have seen him! ○

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they saw the lifeless form of their companion.

"What did the Forest Service do?" I asked the man.

"Do? Why, they did nothing."

"Nothing?" I echoed.

"That's right. Nothing. The area was closed off to all travel for the remainder of the season. Of course, they brought the body out."

In July of 1985, my wife, youngest daughter and I were hiking along a heavily forested trail in Glacier National Park. The season had been very hot and dry, but that morning some precipitation had fallen and moisture had settled the thick trail dust.

I was in the lead, for Grizzlies frequented the trail. Here the phantom again entered my life. There, before me in the moist earth, was a perfect footprint. It appeared to be of human origin—five toes, delicate arch, well-proportioned heel, all clearly evident.

Because of the slender gracefulness of the imprint, I assumed it to be that of a female. The length was greater than that of my own heavily booted foot.

More amazing still was the fact that there was but one print, crosswise in the trail. No one else had been on the trail since it had rained the previous night. Whatever had made the impression had a most unusually long stride. One step came down and out of the forest onto the middle of the trail, and the next footfall must have been on the downhill slope, well beyond the trail itself.

I paused and marveled at the spoor. My daughter, for some reason, would not look at it. My wife looked and after a pause, turned away. Nowadays, she comments that it must have been something else. "Perhaps a deer made it," she says.

Most importantly, the footprint marked a turning point in my attitude toward the so-called "Bigfoot." If I was to continue to maintain a scientific attitude—open-mindedness—as a rule of life, then I had some very hard evidence to deal with.

Still, reason dictated that any such creature would have been killed or captured by man. There were only rumors to indicate that this had ever happened. Continually I asked myself how such a creature could remain virtually unseen. What did it eat? What exactly was I trying to identify?

In May of 1987, I stopped in Chouteau, Montana, to visit with an acquaintance. When Jim discovered that my summer assignment was to be in Crater Lake National Park, he remarked, "Be sure that you carry a five-pound bag of Plaster of Paris with you."

Laughing a the idea of doing so, I asked, "Why?"

"Because," he solemnly responded, "that is Bigfoot country and you might be lucky enough to see a footprint. So be sure to make a cast of the imprint."

Although I didn't take his advice seriously, I did decide to check up on any Crater Lake sightings.

In doing so, I discovered that there were four apparent sightings, all by experienced National Park employees. One report I never found. The other three were recorded in a history book of the park entitled *The Smith Brothers' Chronological History, Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.*

The first recorded sighting occurred on June 8th, 1976. Chief Naturalist George Morrison observed a Bigfoot walking upright across the road in the southern part of the park. He claimed the creature covered the distance across the road in four giant steps. Since it was twilight, the color and shape were difficult to describe. A subsequent investigation revealed no footprints.

THE PROVINCE, Mon., Oct. 6, 1958

New 'Sasquatch' found

In the next report, two rangers, Vic Affolter and Marion Jack, had a strange experience during the summer of 1978. They were at the junction of the Pacific Crest Trail with the West Road of the park